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"'Yes, yes,' I cried, and grasped her struggling in my arms; you shall possess your wish while blood flows in those veins. I shall be your protector—your lover—and no more: and yet I will live in hopes of other joys when your mind becomes more tranquil. Speak, Lydia, speak; say where you chuse for your retirement."

"She did, with tears of gratitude bursting from her soft dark eye. A vessel bound for Ireland received us both. Yonder, yonder was her chosen spot, he said, as he pointed with his finger to Clontarf. There she lived for thirteen short years. There she died, and was buried by the sea shore—the lamented stranger. For thirteen years she was the beacon of my soul. With brother's love alone I came and went. From east to west nothing was too precious or dear for her. Aye—thirteen years I implored—I adored her. At last she left the world and me a wanderer. She was interred before I could once more gaze upon her. I looked for all the gifts I bestowed, thinking she preserved them. So she did—but 'twas in heaven. Every rarity I gave her was turned to money. The poor wanted it. She did not. I heard it all. I learned enough. No directing star to guide my vessel of mortality, the binical of my reason was overturned. The squall of grief was too sudden and severe. My agents made away with my property. French privateers took more. The sea swallowed up the rest. But ah!" he said with an air of triumph, "they could not devour all without myself—my Lydia's first gift. I hold it more dear than ship's treasure, or even myself. There it is." So saying he cast his eye on his hand, while he placed his finger on the upper ring—then in succession—"my Lydia—my mother—my intended bride, Mary—and"—he made a pause. I immediately dropped from my hold. The door was shut. I saw or heard no more.

In about a month after the interview I called to see him. I saw him, but did not find him so conversant. However I picked out as much matter as he did not before explain. His wholesoul seemed absorbed in the contemplation of the one object—his early love, who he seemed to look upon as an angel of light.

He lived about two years after this, and died in 1802. His death was unknown for a whole week. 'Twas thought he was in one of his frantic fits. When his hut was opened, he was found in his place of prayer under ground.

Thus ended Captain Robert Dempsey, born at Cork, 1742. It seems many documents were found in his hut, but whether destroyed or preserved I cannot say, but hope, one day or other, the possessor will give them to the public. T. E.

THE VEGETABLE WORLD.

In all places where vegetation has been established the germs are so intermingled with the soil, that whenever the earth is turned up, even from considerable depths, and exposed to the air, plants are soon observed to spring as if they had been recently sown, in consequence of the germination of seeds which had remained latent and inactive during the lapse of perhaps many centuries. Islands formed by coral reefs, which have risen above the level of the sea, become, in a short time, covered with verdure. From the materials of the most sterile rock, and even from the yet recent cinders and lava of the volcano, nature prepares the way for vegetable existence. The slightest crevice or inequality is sufficient to arrest the invisible germs that are always floating in the air, and affords the means of sustenance to diminutive races of lichens and mosses. These soon overspread the surface, and are followed, in the course of a few years, by successive tribes of plants of gradually increasing size and strength; till at length the island, or other favoured spot, is converted into a natural and luxuriant garden, of which the productions, rising from the grasses to shrubs and trees, present all the varieties of the fertile meadow, the tangled thicket, and the widely spreading forest. Even in the desert plains of the torrid zone, the eye of the traveller is often refreshed by the appearance of a few hardy plants, which find sufficient materials for their growth in these arid regions; and in the realms of perpetual snow which surround the poles, the navigator is occasionally startled at the prospect of fields of a scarlet hue, the result of a wide expanse of microscopic vegetation.—*Roget's Bridgewater Treatise.*

CURIOUS FISH POND.

At Port Nessock, in Wigtonshire, a large salt water pond has been formed for cod. It is a basin of thirty feet in depth and 160 feet in circumference, hewn out from the solid rock, and communicating with the sea by one of those fissures which are common to bold and precipitous coasts. Attached to it is a neat Gothic cottage for the accommodation of the fishermen, and the rock is surmounted all round by a substantial stone wall three hundred feet in circumference. From the inner or back door of the lodge a winding stairway conducts to the usual halting place—a large flat stone, projecting into the water, and commanding a view of every part of the aquatic prison. When the tide is out the stone is left completely dry, and here a stranger perceives with surprise a hundred mouths simultaneously opened to greet his arrival. The moment the fisherman crosses his threshold the pond is agitated by the action of some hundred fins, and otherwise thrown into a state of anarchy and confusion. Darting from this, that, and the other corner, the whole population move as it were to a common centre, elevate their snouts, lash their tails, and jostle one another with such violence that on a first view they actually seem to be menacing an attack on the poor fisherman in place of the creel-full of limpets he carries. Many of the fish are so tame, that they will feed greedily from the hand; while others again are so shy that the fisherman frequently discourses of their different tempers as a thing quite as palpable as the fins they move by. One gigantic cod, which answers to the name of "Tom," is considered as the patriarch of the pond, and forcibly arrests attention. This unfortunate (who passed his youth in the open sea) was the first prisoner in Port Nessock Pond; and within the last six months of his sojourn he has gradually increased in bulk and weight. He is now wholly blind, from age or disease, and has no chance whatever in the general scramble. The fisherman, however, is very kind to him, and it is affecting as well as curious to see the huge animal raise himself in the water, and then, resting his head on the flat stone, allow itself to be gently patted or stroked, gaping all the while to implore that food which he has no other means of obtaining. Cod is the prevailing species in this pond; there are also haddock, flounders, and various other kinds.

COMMON HONEY BEE.

At a late meeting of the Verulam Philosophical Society, Kenton Moore, Esq., vice-president, in the chair, the secretary (C. Dewhurst, Esq.) read some interesting observations on the natural history and management of the *apis mellifica*, or common honey bee, wherein he detailed a plan of securing the honey without depriving the bees of life, and which is now generally adopted in the county of Suffolk, and originated with his father, the Rev. C. Dewhurst, at Bury St. Edmund's. It is as follows: The hive which is employed by this gentleman is similar to the common one, but with an opening in the roof, of about four inches diameter, with a moveable top, and which is pegged down during the period the bees are filling the hive. As soon as the hive is full, Mr. Dewhurst then carefully removes the top, (while the bees are absent) and then places a wooden box of about eight inches square in its place, and into which the bees work; when this box is full of honey, it is removed, and another substituted, and by repeating this process, great quantities of honey may be yearly obtained, without the least loss or injury to the community.

DUBLIN:

Printed and Published by P. D. HARDY, 3, Cecilia-street; to whom all communications are to be addressed.

Sold by all Booksellers in Ireland.

In London, by Richard Groombridge, 6, Finnerley-alley, Paternoster-row; in Liverpool, by Wilmer and Smith; in Manchester, by Ambery; in Birmingham, by Guest; in Glasgow, by John Macleod; and in Edinburgh, by N. Bowack.